# The Weekly



## Rangas Chief.

SOL. MILLER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER. >

THE CONSTITUTION AND THE UNION.

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Choice Loetry.

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was as warm as myself.

I began to think there was something—there was really something—horribly unnatural about the stranger. His hollow voice, pale complexion and heavy eye—above all, the strong coldness that came over me! I felt rejoiced that I was thus rid of him, and that I had not accepted his offer of the cloak, (as then, in all probability, we should not have parted so soon;) and now so little needed it, that I was compelled to unbutton my coat and take my thick lamb's wool comforter from my neck.

Who could the stranger be!

I remembered to have heard that the German who was hung in chains, and whose gibbet I had

word in answer. My wife now entered the room and complained of the cold. She said the fire had gone out soon after my friend arrived, "and what is very strange," added she, "we were unable to light it again. I have been to order a hed to be made for your friend—and I have ordered the sheets to be aired, as the night is rather cold."

out. Suppose it should be the German't Tush! nonsense! but however I tried to rid myself of

Who could the stranger be?

I remembered to have heard that the German who was hung in chains, and whose gibbet I had passed, had suffered the sentence of the law for having burnt a house, and murdered, in the most cruel and shocking manner, a person whom he had strangled with his cleak. Now, it was also currently reported, (but only believed by the idle and superstitious,) that this man did not then die—for it was said that the devil, to whom, after his condemnation, he had sold himself, had, while he was suspended, in some way or other supported him; and had afterwards fed him on the gibbet in the form of a raven, until the fast-

the gibbet in the form of a raven, until the fast-

the gibbet in the form of a raven, until the fastenings decayed, so that he could release himself,
when he substituted the body of a person whom
he mardered for the purpose!

There were many persons now alive who had
swent to having seen the raven there, morning,
noon, and to have heard its croaking even at midnight. Many accounted for this by saying it
came there to feed on the hody; but one of the
villagers, who was known to be a stout fellow,
having occasion to go by the gibbet one twilight, declared that he leard a man talking with
the raven, but in language he could not understand; that at first he supposed he was deceived
by his own fancy, or the creaking of the iron
fastenings; but on approaching nearer, he dis-

by his ewn lancy, or the creating of the front fastenings; but on approaching nearer, he distinctly saw the eyes of the man looking intently at him; and he verily believed had he stopped, he would have spoken to him, but that he was so alarmed he took to his heels, and never once looked behind or stopped to take breath until he reached the end of the plain, a distance of above the miles. And it was forther said the German.

out of my power to enforce my refusal; so we trotted on together.

The stranger immediately began talking most fixed the subject, and at length coming to a full step, he suddenly asked me what was my opinion of all this? I, who had been dreadfully shifted the subject, and at length coming to a full step, he suddenly asked me what was my opinion of all this? I, who had been dreadfully shifted by the cold, as to have been disabled from giving any attention, felt quite at a loss what to say. At length, as well as I was able, (for my test chattered out "whether he did not think it was very cold" Inumediately his dull eyes lighted up, and I shall never forget their fivery and unnatural light as turning suddenly round, he stared me full in the face, saying, in the most joyous, mild and meldiouts tone of voice, "Perhaps you will accept my cloak?" and adding, with peculiar emphasis, "he was sure I should be warm enough then," instantly began to unstrapt it from behind him. In vain I declared I could not think of accepting it, especially as he was more thinly clad than myself. He began to inform me, with the same peculiar expression, that "he never felt cold"—and that he would be most happy if I wenld do him the honor to put it on. I kept refessing, and then the honor to put it on. I kept refessing and the heady in his manner and appears ance; instead of the mild, placid look he had hitherto worn, his face was contracted by the strongest feelings of rage and diaspointment, his eyes flashed fire from under kis heavy kuit hrows; his month was curled with a kind of said, with a most sinister expression, "Perhaps I would do him the honor another time!" Then dashing the spurs into his beard the many than the surface of the mild, placid look he had hitherto worn, his face was contracted by the strongest feelings of rage and diaspointment; his eyes flashed fire from under kis heavy kuit hrows; his month was curled with a kind of said and the surface and more under the stranger persistent of the mild, placid look he had hithert FATHER'S GROWING OLD, JOHN. BT J. Q. A. WOOD. Our father's growing old, John'
His eyes are growing dim.
And years are on his shoulders laid,
A leary weight for him:
And you and I are young and hale,
And each a stallwart man,
And we must make his load as light
And casy as we can. He used to take the brunt, John,
At cradle and at plough,
And cardle and at plough,
And carded our porridge by the sweat
That trickled down his brow;
Fet never heard we him complain,
Whate er his toil might be,
Nor wanted e'er a welcome sast
Upon his solid knee.

And when our boy strength came, John,
And stardy grew each limb.
He brought us to the yellow field,
In share the toil with him;
But be went forement in the swarth,
Tossing saide the grain,
Just like the plough that heaves the sod,
Or ship that sheers the main.

Now we must lead the van, John, Through weather foul and fair, And let the sid man read and doze, And tilt his easy chair; And the linst mind it, John, you know, At eve to tell us o'er. Those brave old days of British times,

I heard you speak of ma'am, John!
Tis gospel what you say,
That caring for the like of us,
ilas torroed her head so gray!
Yet, John, I do remember well,
When neighbors called her vain,
And when her hair was long, and like
A gleaning sheaf of grain.

Her lips were cherry red. John!
Her cheeks were round and fair.
And like a ripened peach they swelled
Against her wavy hair:
Her steps fell lightly as the leaf
From off the Sommer tree.
And all day busy at the wheel.
She sang to you and me.

She had a buxom arm, John, That wielded well the rod, Whene'er with willful step our fee The path forbidden trod; But to the heaven of her eye We never looked in wain,

But that is long agone, John!
And we are what we are,
And little heed we, day by day,
Her fading cheek and hair:
And when beneath her faithful breast
The tides no longer stir.
Tis then, John, we the most shall feel
We had no friend like her.

Since there can be no harm, John, Thus speaking settly o'er The blossed names of those ere long Shall welcome us no more. Nay, hide it not, for why absuldst thou

Yes, father's growing old, John!

His eyes are getting dim.
And mether's treating settly down
The deep descent with him;
But you and I are young and hale,
And each a stalwart man. And we must make their path as amooth And level as we can!

## Select Storn.

## THE GERMAN GIBBET.

Tut, tat, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes.

—Richard-III. It was evening, towards the latter end of Aumn, when the warmth of the mid day sun reminds us of the Summer just gone, and the cool-ness of the evening plainly assures us that Win-ter is fast approaching, that I was proceeding homeward on horseback, fortified by a strong great-coat against the weather without, and re-freshed with a glass of cande rie that I might feel equally secure within. My road lay for some time along an extensive plain, at the extremity of which there rose a small and thickly over-spreading wood, which the road skirted for some distance, and on a slight eminence, at an angle

the soming publisher across our net with the in the spreading that I was proveding home ward on horselack, fortified by a strong great-coat against the warder without, and the coat of the strong coat of the strong

clock, and I determined not to put it of; so is a starting up, I rang the bell, and at the landlord's winch is shirt collar open, and no crawat round his innext.

We rode for some time side by side, the stranger bewore dis law, and fing his eyes on the wall, remained quite silent. The land-lord, I observed, rubbed his hands as he went out, saying this was one of the coldest nights he of the least affected by it, for his clock remained out the least affected by it, for his clock remained out the least affected by it, for his clock remained out the least affected by it, for his clock remained out the least affected by it, for his clock remained out the least affected by it, for his clock remained out the least affected by it, for his clock remained out the least affected by it, for his clock remained out the least affected by it, for his clock remained out the least affected by it, for his clock remained out the least affected by it, for his clock remained out the least affected by it, for his clock remained out the least affected by it, for his clock remained out the least affected by it, for his clock remained out the least affected by it, for his clock remained out the least affected by it, for his clock remained out the least affected by it, for his clock remained out the least affected by it, for his clock remained out the wall, remained quite silent. The land-ord, losts, and in the wall, remained quite silent. The land-ord, losts, and in the wall, remained quite silent. The land-ord, losts, and in the wall, remained quite silent. The land-ord, losts, and in the wall, remained quite silent. The land-ord in the wall, remained quite silent. The land-ord in the wall, and remained out the wall, remained quite silent. The land-ord in the wall, and and the least affected his feet this was not of the col

TROY, KANSAS, THURSDAY, MAY 15, 1873.

Miscellang.

GUILDIS SIGNAL BY SEET MARTE. Two low whistles, quaint and clear,
That was the signal the engineer—
That was the signal that Golid, 'its said—
Gave to his wife at Providence,
As through the elsepting town, and thence,
Out in the night,
Down past the farms, lying white, he sped!

As a husband's greeting, scant, no doubt,
Yet to the woman looking out,
Watching and walting, no sercande,
Lave-song, or midnight roundelay,
Said what that whistle second to say:
To my trust true,
So love to you!
Working or waiting, Good night!" it said.

Brisk young bagmen, tourists fine, Old commuters along the line, Brakemen and porters glanced ahead, Smiled as the signal, abarp, intense, Pierced through the shadows of Providenc "Nothing amiss— Nothing!"—It is Ouly Guild calling his wife," they said.

Summer and Winter, the old refrain
Rang o'er the billows of ripening grain.
Pierced through the budding boughs o'erh
Flow down the track when the red leaves bu
Like living coals from the engine spurned;
Saug as it few:
"To our trust true.
First of all, Duty—Good night," it said.

And then, one night, it was heard no more, From Stonington over Rhode Island shore, And the folk in Providence suited, and said, As they turned in their beds: "The engineer Has once forgotten his midnight cheer."

One only knew,
To his trust true,
Guild lay under his engine, dead

#### Acridentally Found-Property Near St. Joseph Mo., Bequeathed.

Two or three months ago J. Rowell, the furniture dealer on Michigan avenue, set about overhanling a desk filled with old papers—papers which had been accumulating on his hands for several years, until he could scarcely know where or how he got the most of them. After throwing away a bushel or more of the documents, he came upon a paper scaled and tied with red tape. He could not remember having seen it before, and was amazed when he broke the scal and read:

"Last will and testament of Israel Whitworth." Getting further down, he found that the paper was nine years old, and that the will gave to "Margaret Davis, my sister or her children, the Gordon farm, situated two and one half miles from St. Joseph, Missouri, together with all live stock and farming utensils, further, the sum of \$5,000 in bank in St. Joseph, (unless I shall have withdrawn it), my gold watch, my household furniture, and the one half of what my house in St. Joseph may bring at private sale."

er cold."

"Oh!" said the stranger, "you need not mind that; I always sleep warm enough!" and pointing to his cloak, he gave a most expressive but sareastic smile. This was almost too much; yet what could I do! I had no excuse to turn him out. Sameses it should be the German! Tush! this thought, I never could succeed in entirely banishing it; such strong hold has the idea of supernatural interference on a superstitious mind. I resolved, however, in mere contradicmind. I resolved, however, in mere contradiction to my opinions, to put up with his company this once; and endeavoring to appear as unconcerned as possible, I made suitable acknowledgments in the best way I could.

After a painful silence, which was only disturbed by the chattering of our teeth, supper was announced and hastily despatched, for everything was cold. Silence again ensued, till at length I caught up a candle, for I could bear it no longer, and asked the stranger if I should show him to his room. He consented, and, bowing to my wife, took his cloak and followed me.

When we came into his room, I observed the water was frozen in the ewer. "I will order the servant," said I, "to bring you some warm was ter in the morning to shave with." He replied

out for an express package, and will probably send something handsome. The puzzling thing of the whole is that Rowell can't tell where or of the whole is that Rowell can't tell where or whon he got the will, nor imagine how the deceased came to leave it where it would fall into the hands of a stranger. Mr. Whitworth might have lort it, or left it where he could not find it, and finally concluded that it was destroyed, and for reasons satisfactory to himself did not make another will. The case is a curious one, but Rowell has the letters to prove that it is a true one.

—Detroit Free Press.

Corlish and Gettysburg.

Two extremely interesting statements have re-

Corlath and Gettysburg.

Two extremely interesting statements have recently been made, relative to the battles of Corinth and Gettysburg, which throw some new light upon those sanguinary contests. The first is contained in a letter written by Gen. Earl Van Dorn, on the 15th of October, 1862, eleven-days after his repulse by Rosecrans, in the attack on Corinth, which was recently published for the first time in a southern newspaper. In this letter (written to Col. E. M. Yerger), Gen. Van Dorn acknowledges his ignorance of the inner line of fortifications around Corinth, which were constructed but a few days before the attack, and which he had reached after the first day's fight, and failed to carry the next morning. The second statement, which is a very extraordinary one, attributes treachery to Gen. Longstreet at Gettysburg. The statement is made by Briggen. Pendleton, late chief of artillery of the confederate army of northern Virguin, upon the authority of Gen. Lee himself. Gen. Pendleton is now paster of the Episcopal church at Lexing ton, and is lecturing through the south for the purpose of raising funds to build a tomb to the memory of Gen. Lee. In the coarse of one of these lectures he stated that, to his personal knowledge, derived from Lee's own lips, "Longstreet at the dawn of the next morning; that he (Gen. Pendleton) had made a reconnoissance in person, and declared to Gen. Lee the perfect practicability of immediate assault upon the then unprepared enemy; how he had waited impatiently till 12 o'clock; how Longstreet at that hour rode up to his side and sat upon his horse, useless and inactive, until 4 o'clock p. m.; then, when the bead of his column did go in, his soldiers were futile against the now massed and concentrated enemy; and still Robert E. Lee (Gen. Pendleton said) refused to lay the blame upon the shoulders of the man who had fought so eften and well for him." As might be expected, the statement is creating a furor of excitement in the south.—Ckicage Tribuse.

Coté and Snakes.

Professor Shaler notes the peculiarities of the Wintern of 1871-2—one of the dryest and one of the coldest on record. The snow-fall was light, and the ground froze to almost an unprecedented depth; being sufficient throughout the whole of New England to involve the roots of the vegetation and the forests. The tree which suffered most was the arbor-vita, more than baif of these baving died, and the rest being in a critical condition. The red codar was likewise a great sufferer, as also the yellow and white pines; indeed, all the conifern in New England have been injured to a greater or less degree. The greatest damage was experienced in sandy soils. The only change in animal life noticed by Professor Shaler is the comparative scarefty of enakes, which be considers to be a very decided feature. The Professor contends that a slight addition to the degree of the drouth and the cold might have made such ravages with our forests as to have modified the climate and brought about a series of chat-ges as great as those which mark the different geological formations of the past.

A Louisland paper seks, in a most distressing Cold and Snakes. A Man who has not Time to be Postmaster.

The Postmaster-General has received the following from a person who was recently appointed postmaster (at a salary of \$12 per annum) of a town in Iowa:

"to the gineral postmaster at Washington Citty my Deare friend i hope you will not appins me postmaster in this here town i haint got no time to tend to it i suppose you got the paper someow my friends sent up Reckominden me but I haint got time to do the thing up as it ort too be done. In fact i dont know hardly what is a goin to be done our shoomaker would be a very good man only he was Grely square out which you know enfits him for the position then there is our storeceepel jim B—that wants the position mightty had but as shure as you are a living man jim B—kaint reed good writin and thats the trouble You see them that wants it dont know enull to tend to it and them their that does dont want to take it jim B—wus rased out in the countrey and jest come to town last week and dont know enoull to be postmaster but do as you think boat only dont apint me i haint got time ever your frind," &c.

A Louistana paper asks, in a most distressing tone, "If we can't raise the sweet potato, in heaven's name can we raise?" As they have been raising the devil in that State for a year past, says the Pittsburg Commercial, very successfully, we don't see the necessity for inquiring any factor.

further.

The inventory of a deceased man's property returned at Probate Court last week at Amberst, N. H., was Case on hand, \$500; all other property, including household furniture, \$6.67? He kept bone, and has left a family.

charity, almost perished from hunger on Friday night. The little girl who makes the daily rounds in quest of food was prevented from going out that morning by losing one of her ear rings.

DOUGLASS'ESCAPE-THE STORY TOLD FOR THE PIRST TIME.

Special Dispatch to the New York Times.

PRILADELPHIA, Pa., March 10.—The Academy of Music was densely crowded with an intelligent audience, who gathered to hear Mr. Frederick Douglass' rehersal of his "Reminiscences of Slavery and Anti-Slavery." It was only about a year ago that this stage was denied to the above named gentleman, and the outburst of indignation that then escaped from every loyal citizen at that time, proved such a severe reprimand to the Directors of the Academy that their action was speedily revoked, and now Mr. Douglass or any other respectable representative of his race may have access to its floor and stage. It was generally anticipated that Mr. Douglass' recital of the wrongs and oppressions of the colored people would be an interesting and spirited discourse, and few were disappointed with his able effort. He began his discourse by saying: "I give you joy that every vestige of slavery has been awept from the land," and, after comparing the relations between the existing forms of government in this country and the old world, he made reference to the men who never did anything to put man in the Constitution, but are now moving heaven and earth to put God in the Constitution. He said: "I am for accepting this government, as in its literal truth it is a purely human government, for the accomplishment of purely human ends, and woe to it when it shall incorporate the principle of divine right in its national code." After reviewing the inception and development of the anti-clavery movement, its objects and cuds, its accomplishments and its failings, its trials and its final victory, Mr. Douglass gave

of the anti-slavery movement, its objects and ends, its accomplishments and its failings, its trials and its final victory, Mr. Douglass gave the following rehersal of his own escape:

"While slavery existed I had good reasons for not telling of my escape from bondage, and now that that great trial is over, I do not know any good reason why I should not tell it. People generally imagined that it was a marvelous recital, but it is one of the most simple and common-place stories that could be given. I was owned in Talbot County, on the eastern shore of Maryland, in 1835, and a few years after that made my escape. I had been sent up to Baltimore by my land, in 1835, and a few years after that made my oscape. I had been sent up to Baltimore by my master to a brother of his for safe keeping, but it was a stronge movement to send me 60 miles nearer my liberty. When I determined on escaping, I looked about for the proper means to accomplish my purpose. At that time great vigilance was exercised by the authorities. Everyhody was strictly watched, and if a slave were found outside the limits of his master's plantation, he would be liable to show by what right he was out of place. I was put to work in a shipand our journey, be thought be given a paper scaled and tied with red tage. He to log a might beight beight

was an American eagle. Looking upon it, he stated that I was all right, and with this assurance I came through to Philadelphia, and proceeded to New York. I got there at 2 o'clock, and strayed about and slept in the streets until morning. I did not know that I had a friend there, but on the next morning I met Isaac Dixon, at whose house I had lived in Baltimore, and he referred me to David Ruggles, a philanthropic and generous minded citizen. While in the city, where I remained several days, I visited the Tombs, and there I say Isaac Hopper, who for the great offense of assisting 'Tom,' a well known character, in making his escape, was undergoing trial."

Mr. Douglass said he had kept this story secret until this time, because the conductor who allowed him to pass from Baltimore to Philadelphia would have been responsible to his master for the pecuniary extent of loss sustained, and because he did not want slavesholders to know that slaves had any methods of escape. His freedom, he said, was honorably purchased by British gold, \$750 having been paid for him by a friesd of his in England, and the negotiations having been conducted by Hon. Wm. Meredith, of this city, who is at present the presiding officer of the Convention for the Revision of the State Constitution, which is now in assion. He concluded his dissertation by culogizing the heroes of the antislavery cause, among them William Lloyd Garrison, Lucretia Mott, Gerritt Smith, and Joshua Leavitt.

The Body of Old Grimes Found.

READING, PA., April 12.

We have a mystery here. Some laborers engaged in digging a cellar the other day encountered a confined heap of bricks and rubbish when at a depth of less than two feet, which upon being removed, disclosed the akeleton of a man. It was entire with the exception of the skull, which could not be found. Speculation is busy in assigning the manner and date of the "taking off" of the individual, whose headless remains would indicate a foul murder done many years ago. As the case attracted a great deal of interest, one of the oldest inhabitants has been interviewed, with the following result:

Nearly sixty years ago a man named James Grimes occupied a dwelling on the lot where the akeleton was exhumed. He was a bachelor, and was known to have secreted a pile of money somewhere. He lived alone in a little log house standing back from the street, his nearest neighbor's being his tenants, who eccupied the front dwelling. For many years his life was thus peaceably spent, when suddenly he disappeared in a very suspicious and mysterious manner. At first it was supposed he had gene to Philadelphia on a visit to his brother, who resided there, but this was a mistake, as his brother stated that he had not been there for many months. Search was instituted in every direction, and prosecuted with the utmost vigor, but no clue to the missing man was ever obtained, the belief cutertaining meanwhile that he had been murdered and robbed of his money. Since the above occurrence almost sixty years have elapsed, until the discovery last week of the half-buried bones, when all the old interest seemed revived. Of course everybody now believes that the skeleton is none other than that of the murdered Grimes.

How differently people take compliments. The

How differently people take compliments. The King of Denmark has formally thanked Prof. Watson of the Michigan University for having named a newly-discovered asteroid after his daughter, the Princess Thyra, while a Mr. Smith, of Rochester, N. Y., kicked the stuffing out of a canal mariner for naming a mud sow after one of his (Smith's) daughters.

Ax Ohio bee keeper was stung on the nose about fifty times the other day while fooling around his hives, and his bugle awelled so rapidly that he could not be take into the house through the door, and a hole had to be cut through the side of the building by which he gained his bed, and rested his proboscis on the floor until the doctor came.

THE man who will strop his razor on his Bible, and wipe it on his newspaper, is, in our opinion, acither a Christian nor a patriot—yet we have seen men do that same, who make pretensions to both godliness and patriotism.

THE LOSS OF THE ENIGRANTS. THE ATLANTIC, WRECKED APRIL 187, 1972.

For menths and years, with penury and want.

And heartsors cury did they dare to cope;
And mite by mite was saved from earnings scant.
To buy, some future day, the God-sent hope. They tred the crowded streets of heary towns.
Or tilled from year to year the wearied fields.
And in the chadow of the golden crowns.
They gasped for sunshine, and the health it yields.

They turned from homes all cheeries, child and man, With kindly feelings only for the soil. And for the kindred faces, pinched and wan, That prayed and staid, unwilling, at their toil. They lifted up their faces to the Lord, And read His answer in the westering aun, That called them over as a shining word, And beckened conward as the rivers run.

They looked their last, wet-eyed, on Swedish hills, On German villages and English dates: Like brooks that grow from many mountain rills, The present stream flowed out from Irish valor.

Their crief at parting was not all a grief, But blended sweetly with the joy to come, When from full store they spared the rich rollef To gladden all the dear once left at home. "We thank Thee, God!" they cried; "the cruel gate That barred our lives has swung beceath Thy hand; Behind our ship now frowns the cruel fate, Before her amilies the teening Promised Land!"

Alas! when shown in mercy or in wrath, How weak are we to read God's awiol low! His breath pretected on the stormy path. And dashed them lifeless on the promised shore!

His hand anatained them in the parting wor. And gave bright vision to the heart of such; His waters bore them where they withed to go, Then swept them seaward from the very beach.

Their home is resided, their fetters now are riven, Their humble tell is o'er—their rest has come; A land was promised, and a land is given— But, Ob' God help the waiting ones at home!

## THE PARMERS' WAR AGAINST RAIL WAYS.

In Illinois particularly, and in the Western States generally, a systematic agitation has begun among the farmers to secure the passage of laws to regulate the tolis charged for passengers and freight. This is but the beginning of a long and hitter fight between the producers and the carriers of passengers and freight. It is in the nature of a strike against the extortions of organized capital, which necessarily will produce inconvenience and losses to both parties. Agitation, legislation, and litigation will follow in quick succession; then will come evasions and more legislation, an appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States, and finally a combination and consolidation of bath interests.

After a ten-year struggle it will be found that isolated State legislation cannot check the evil, because if products are to be delivered at New York, local legislation of the several States, unless uniform, cannot afford relief. After this habecome manifest the General Government will be appealed to, and the local struggle will be nationalized. Agitation, legislation, evasion, and litigation will again follow, and Government will be unged to construct double-track road beds for the purpose of permitting every citizen to run a freight train under certain regulations as to speed, and on the payment of a moderate toll; and finally the Government for a moderate toll; and finally the Government bare will have to do, what most governments on the continent have done, and what the Enetlish Government have done, and what the Enetlish Government have done, and what the Enetlish Government is about to do

tion for the most money, and the somer our railway princes discover that they cannot impose
upon the community with perfect immunity the
better.

Thus far the resolutions of the farmers have

The maiden name of Eliza Bowen Jumel was

## THE MURDER CLASSICS.

WHOLE NUMBER, 827.

Ingenious people have collected the dying words of great and good men with a goody-goody object. This is not our particular weakness. Good men when dying may often give utterance to the key-note of their lives, but with a bomicide we think it a nice psychological point that his key-note can best be taken at or about the time when he takes a life not his own. We do not propose going back to the time, about twenty years ago, of the marder of Bill Poole by Pandheen McLaughin at Stanwigh hall. There is something very suggestive, however, in that case of an invitation to murderers of the future in his key-note as he fired his pistol, "Now, bows, sail in!" We shall commence our quotations from the modern murder classics with that unfortunate prophet of the murderer's Arcadia, who learned in his person the disbelief that overtakes prophets generally in their own country:

Hauging is played out in New York.—Jack Reynolds, January 29, 1870.

Take that, you s—of ab——Michael McAloon, August 24, 1870.

I shot him and I could not help it. I knew that something was going to happen. I dreampt I was a Prassian soldier and a lot of French were after me.—Valentine Keckel, September 10, 1870.

You won't marry me and I'll kill you.—William Marsh, September 16, 1870.

I'll kneek your d—d head off.—John Thomas (colored), September 30, 1870.

I was very drunk, and do not remember anything of it.—George Woodruff, November 22, 1870.

Now, I've got you.—Abraham Jones (colored), January 1, 1871.

I saw him draw a pistol; I pulled mine and shot him.—Reddy the Blacksmith, January 25, 1871.

I am going as far as you do, and when you get off I'll give you hell.—William Foster, April 26, Diabolical Spontancities.

1871.

I am going as far as you do, and when you get off I'll give you hell.—William Foster, April 26, 1871.

We have a case over there.—James McGawley, Aug. 28, 1871.
I'll settle with you.—Paniel Felov, 8-ptember

way princes discover that they cannot impose upon the ediminity with perfect immunity the better.

Thus far the resolutions of the farmers have been carnest but temperate, and it would be well if the railway managers would come together, and imagurate a friendly conference, and measures to abate as many of the just grievances of the public as possible.

One of the great difficulties under which all railways labor is the fact that the stock and mortgage bonds together represent a fictitious indebtedness. Many a railway, which could be held for \$25,000 to the unite and fully equipped, is crippled by an indebtedness of wice that sum per mile. This fictitions vulue must first be wiped out before relief can be obtained.

What it Cost Berger Greeley to Sign Jes. Bench Creeley, was published in this city by O. D. Cas & Co., who were compelled after the first volume was in type to keep presses running night, and that you want to supply the demands of agents. No look previously published bad met with such anyid sale, excepting, perhape, Mrs. Stowe's farmous novel. Nearly, if not quite, two hundred and fifty thensand copies of the first volume was in type to keep presses running night should be whipped at a "cart till" if they returned, but the second would have as extensive a sale as the first volume, as every one who had purchase does not 60,000 or 70,000 copies, and lightness, when the sale of the second volume had reached one 60,000 or 70,000 copies, and lightness, when the sale of the second volume had reached one 60,000 or 70,000 copies, and lightness, when the sale of the second volume had reached one of 60,000 or 70,000 copies, and lightness were running it of by hundreds every day to meet the arguet call of agents in the fifty when the sale of the second volume had reached one of 60,000 or 70,000 copies, and lightness when the sale with all the book for its historical value would surely get the complete thing.

When the sale of the second volume had reached the book for its historical value would surely get the with her method when the problem of the property and t

As Edinburgh lady wears a mole skin mantle, made from the coats of 600 moles captured on her nown property. She also has a lovely mole on her nose, but we will let the mantle of charity

Cartain Jack's soug to the soldiers: Put me in my lava bed (If you can)